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Nineteen
Odes of Horace

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Od. III. II.

I PRAY thee, Mercury—since by thee
 Inspired Amphion's song moved stones—
 And thee, O Shell, whose psaltery
 Can sound forth Music's seven tones—
 Not tuneful once, nor sweet, but now
 Welcome to fane and rich man's board—
 Prompt me a strain, whose charm shall bow
 Lyde's proud ears my suit toward:
 Who, as a filly three years old
 In the wide fields, frolics, and fears
 A touch, a maiden pure, for bold
 Wooser as yet too young in years.
 Thou can'st draw tigers after thee,
 And woods; the torrent's rush can'st stay;
 Before thy music's witchery
 The vast Hall's warder-hound gave way—
 Aye, Cerberus, tho' his frightful head
 Is girt with snakes a hundred strong;
 Tho' foul his breath, and slime, like shed
 Gore, dribbles from his triple tongue.
 Nay e'en Ixion, forced to smile,
 And Tityos, laughed against the grain;
 The urn stood empty for a while,
 While Danaids heard thy soothing strain.
 Let Lyde hear what sin disgraced
 Those virgins: what their well-known fate:
 How all the water runs to waste
 From the urn's bottom: how, tho' late,

In Orcus sin's reward is sure.

Ah impious—what could mortal hand
Do worse?—who, impious, could endure
To slay their grooms with cruel brand.
One out of all the band alone,

Worthy the marriage torch, to sire
Forsworn was greatly false, and won
A fame that lives while years expire:
Who roused her young groom in the night—
“Up, lest a sleep, whence fearest naught,
A long sleep, overwhelm thee; cheat by flight
My sire's and wicked sisters' thought,
Who, as she-lions tear their prey

Of calves, are tearing—woe is me!—
Each her own mate; kinder than they,
I will not smite or prison thee.

Me let my sire load with rude chains
Because my lad I would not slay;

Me let his fleet to the domains
Of far Numidia bear away.

Go thou where feet and breezes take
Thee; night is kind and Venus nigh.
So farewell; for my memory's sake,
Grave on my tomb an elegy.”

Od. III. 14.

CAESAR, of whom we lately spoke
As bent on bays, like Hercules,
That death must buy, returns, good folk,
Home from his Spanish victories.
Proud of your peerless lord, do you,

His wife, after due prayer and rite,
 Come forth—our brave chief's sister too,
 And, with thanksgiving fillets bright,
 Mothers of girls, and youths restored
 Safe to their homes; ye lads, and ye,
 Lasses new-wed, utter no word
 To-day of evil augury.
 This day, truly a feast for me,
 Will chase black cares; I will not dread,
 While Caesar holds the world in fee,
 Tumult, or stroke shall strike me dead.
 Boy, fetch me unguents, flowers, and bring
 Wine that recalls the Marsian war,
 If anywhere that wandering
 Rogue Spartacus passed by a jar.
 And bid clear-voiced Neaera knot
 Her perfumed hair without delay,
 And come; but if the porter's not
 Friendly, and hinders, come away.
 Gray hairs tame tempers, once, I fear,
 Too keen on brawls and quarrellings;
 Had I youth's fire, as in the year
 Of Plancus, I'd not brook such things.

Od. III. 15.

WIFE of poor Ibycus, have done
 At last with your depravity,
 And infamous pursuits, as one
 To whom a timely death draws nigh.
 No longer sport young girls among,
 Nor cloud their brightness starry-clear;

What misbecomes not Pholoe young,
 Becomes not Chloris old and sere.
 More fitly storms your girl the halls
 Of youth, like Thyiad, by drum-bray
 Maddened, whom love of Nothus calls
 To wanton like a roe at play.
 Far-famed Luceria's wools agree
 Best with your years: not red new-blown
 Roses: not jars drained to the lee:
 Not citterns—for you are a crone.

Od. III. 16.

BRONZE tower, stout doors, and surly guard
 Of watchful dogs, had safely barred
 Against assaults of midnight love
 Fair Danae's prison, had not Jove
 And Venus mocked Acrisius' care,
 His jealous wardship, well aware
 That to the God in golden shower
 Broad way and safe would ope the tower.
 Thro' bodyguards, thro' masonry,
 Gold makes its way more potently
 Than levin-bolt; 'twas lucre brought
 The Argive augur's house to naught.
 By bribes the man of Macedon
 Cleft open city-gates, and won
 The fall of rival monarchies;
 Even rude admirals have their price.
 Increase of wealth and greed bring on
 Care; from self-gloriation
 Rightly I've shrunk unto this hour,

Maecenas, knighthood's pride and flower.
 The more a man himself denies,
 The more kind Heaven to him supplies;
 Homely I seek camps of content,
 Deserting wealth's environment,
 Prouder, as master of my small
 Farm, than as famed to garner all
 Apulia's fruits of industry,
 In plenty, yet in scarcity.
 A rivulet clear, a wood of few
 Acres, my small crop's promise true,
 Give me a lot that, hid from him,
 Makes Afric praetor's fame look dim.
 Tho' bees Calabrian bring not in
 Honey, nor wine in Formian bin
 Mellows, nor sheep on Gallic lea
 Fatten, and grow thick wool, for me,
 Yet from harsh poverty I'm free;
 If more I craved, you'd give it me;
 Curtailed wants would more happily
 Enlarge my income than if I
 Blent the dominions of Mygdon
 And Alyattes into one.
 Want much, lack much; happy is he
 To whom Heaven grants sufficiency.

Od. III. 19.

YOU tell what years part Inachus
 From Codrus, patriot to the death:
 What was the line of Aeacus:
 What wars raged Ilion's walls beneath;

But price of Chian: at whose cost
 The baths are warmed: the hour to flee
 Pelignian cold: who is the host—
 All this you leave in mystery.
 To the new moon charge bumpers, boy,
 To midnight, to our augur new,
 Murena; for each toast employ
 Three or four ladlefuls as due.
 Who holds the odd-numbered Muses dear,
 A crazed bard, will with three times three
 Ladles make merry, but, for fear
 Of strife, the Graces' trinity,
 Unrobed, makes three the bound. But we
 Would fain be mad. Why stays the flute
 Its Berecynthian revelry?
 Why hang the lyre and Pan-pipe mute?
 I hate close fists; strew roses; let
 Crossgrained old Lycus hear our mad
 Din; let it make his Amoret
 Ill-matched, his neighbour lady, glad.
 You with your long locks fair to see:
 You, Telephus, who like Vesper shine,
 Rhode, fit mate, seeks; as for me,
 I slowly burn for Glycera mine.

Od. III. 24.

THOU' wealthier than all Araby
 With untouched stores, and rich Indies,
 With quarried stones you occupy
 All that is land, and public seas,
 Natheless, if grim Necessity

Nails with steel nails each pinnacle,
 Your soul from fear you will not free,
 Nor 'scape Death's toils—his halter fell.
 Better the life of Scyths, who scour
 The steppes, whose waggons bear afield
 Their shifting homes, and Getae dour,
 For whom unmeasured acres yield
 Free crops of corn: who till their land
 But for a year; each worker does
 His share; that done, another hand
 Relieves him; thus the shared work goes.
 Kind is stepmother's face toward
 Stepchildren motherless, kind her sway;
 The dowried wife rules not her lord,
 Nor heeds what sleek adulterers say.
 Their dowry great is innocence
 Of parents, and the chastity
 Of marriage faith that fears offence
 Of Heaven, with death for penalty.
 Who wills to end the deaths that shame
 Our civic madness, and to bear
 Beneath his statues the proud name,
 "Father of Cities", let him dare
 To curb wild license, and for fame
 Look to the future, for our spite
 Hates living worth—O wicked shame!—
 To miss it when it's lost to sight.
 What boot laments, if penalty
 Cuts not the crime short? Of what worth
 Are laws without morality,
 If nor that quarter of the earth

That's fenced by heat, nor that which lies
 Nearest the North Wind, where deep snow
 Crusts the earth's surface, terrifies
 The merchant: if skilled sailors plow
 The boisterous seas: if the disgrace
 Of poverty bids men consent
 To aught, and do aught, mean and base,
 And shun true Virtue's steep ascent?
 Or to the Capitol bear we,
 Summoned by crowds' applauding call,
 Or plunge we in the nearest sea,
 Gems, jewels, useless gold, of all
 That's worst the source, if we repent
 Us truly of our grievous sin.
 We must stub up each element
 Of base desire, must discipline
 Too tender souls with more severe
 Studies; untrained, the high-born boy
 Can't sit a horse; he turns with fear
 From hunting; handier with a toy—
 With Grecian hoop, if you desire,
 Or, if you like, with dice, despite
 The law. What wonder, when his sire
 To guest and partner breaks his plight,
 Keen to snatch gain for worthless son?
 Certes base lucre multiplies
 Itself, and yet the prize, when won,
 Lacks something—lacks what satisfies.

Od. III. 27.

LET omens ill attend the way
 Of impious souls—tu-whooing owl,
 And pregnant bitch, or wolf blue-grey,
 Down-rushing from Lanuvium's knowl,
 And vixen bred; or let their start
 Be broken off by slantwise run
 Of serpent swift as flying dart,
 That scares their team; but I, for one
 For whom I fear, an augur wise,
 Or e'er the rain-seer bird divine
 Reseeks the marsh, from the sunrise
 Will call the crow to speak a sign.
 May you be happy wheresoe'er,
 My Galatea, you may go;
 Forget me not, nor woodpecker,
 Upon your left, nor wandering crow,
 Forbid you. But you see with what
 Tempests Orion sets e'en now;
 What Hadria's dark gulf is, and that
 Iapyx clear can sin, I know.
 May enemy wife and family
 Feel rising Auster's blind outbreaks,
 And Ocean's black ferocity,
 And shores that furious wave-beat shakes.
 Thus risked Europa her fair life
 On treacherous bull, and, seeing the sea
 With monsters thronged, with perils rife,
 Paled at her own audacity.
 Lately intent on flowering leas,

And wont to wreathe the chaplets due
 To Nymphs, she now saw naught but seas
 Boundless, and stars the dim night thro'.
 Soon as she reached Crete with its host
 Of towns, a hundred strong, "O sire!",
 She cried, "O name of daughter lost!
 O duty slain by mad desire!
 Whence came I whither? One death were
 For virgins' sin light penalty.
 Wail I, awake, as wrong-doer,
 Foul deed, or does a phantasy
 Vain mock my innocence in sleep,
 With dream from ivory gateway flown?
 Better was it to cross the deep,
 Or gather flowerets freshly blown?
 Should any yield that beast infame
 To my just wrath, I'd strive, I vow,
 To break its horns; with sword I'd maim
 The monster loved so well but now.
 Shameless I left my father's home:
 Shameless stay Orcus. O, if ear
 Divine can hear, I fain would roam
 Where lions my bare flesh would tear.
 Ere from fair cheeks the bloom has died
 Decayed, ere ebbs life's ruddy blood
 From victim young, in beauty's pride
 Gladly I'd be fierce tiger's food.
 'Europa vile', cries far away
 My sire, 'death beckons; with your zone,—
 'Twas well you brought it with you—may
 You break your neck, hung from this roan.

Or if rocks deadly sharp, and high
 Cliff, please you more, trust the wind's
 wings,
 Unless you rather wish to ply
 A slave-girl's task—you, sprung from kings,
 A concubine, to foreign dame
 Abandoned.' " As she made lament,
 Venus with smile perfidious came
 Up, and her son with bow unbent.
 So soon as she had mocked enow,
 "Cease", cried she, "from your passionate
 Complaints, when the loathed bull shall bow
 His horns for you to mutilate.
 Unconquered Jove's wife unaware
 You are; sob not; great is your fame;
 Learn to bear well a fate so fair,
 For half the world shall wear your name".

Od. III. 29.

OF Tuscan kings, Maecenas, heir,
 An unbroached jar of mellow wine,
 Rose-blooms, and balsam for your hair
 Of ben-nuts, wait you here, langsyne
 Expectant; haste, nor watch for aye
 Wet Tibur, Aefula's hillside,
 And the far wolds where erst held sway
 Telegonus, the parricide.
 Come, leave your plenty's irk and bore,
 Your palace with its skyey dome;
 Nor marvel longer at the roar

And smoke and pomp of wealthy Rome.
 Welcome to him, a change to meals
 Simple, in humble cots, that know
 Nor purple rugs, nor awninged ceils,
 Has often smoothed a rich man's brow.
 Now shining out the sire of fair
 Andromeda unveils his rays;
 Now Procyon and the mad Lion glare
 Frenzied, as suns bring back dry days.
 Now, weary with his weary flock,
 The shepherd seeks the shady rill,
 And thickets of Silvanus shock,
 And, breathless now, the bank is still.
 How best the State may stand and hold
 Its own, you ponder; fear, too, what
 Seres and Bactria, ruled of old
 By Cyrus, and rent Tanais plot.
 All wisely Heaven in darkest night
 Enshrouds the event that is to be,
 And mocks if mortal men despite
 Its sanctions: order equably
 What is; all else sweeps on amain,
 Like stream that down mid-channel now
 Falls calm into the Tuscan main,
 Now rolls down stones worn by its flow,
 And upturn rocks, and homes, and herd,
 Together, while each neighbouring wood,
 And hill, rings, as still brooks are stirred
 To fury by the furious flood.
 Lord of himself, and happy, will
 He be, who can from day to day

Say, "I have lived; let Jove fulfil
 To-morrow's sky with leaden-grey
 Clouds or with shine, he can't undo
 What has been done, nor make as naught,
 No, nor reforge and shape anew,
 What once the flying hour has brought".
 Exultant in her cruel trade,
 Playing her rude game ceaselessly,
 Fortune shifts honours, fickle jade,
 Kind, now to others, now to me.
 I praise her present; if she flap
 Her wings, pay back without ado
 Her gifts, use virtue as my wrap,
 And poverty undowried woo.
 Not mine, if stormy Afric bows
 The groaning mast, to fly to prayers
 Abject, and bargain with shrill vows
 That Cyprian and Tyrian wares
 May not enrich the greedy seas.
 At such a time in light pair-oar,
 Sped by twin Pollux and by breeze,
 I'll cross the Aegean safe to shore.

Od. IV. 1.

WHAT, Venus, would'st thou now recall
 Wars long abandoned? Spare, I pray.
 I am not what I was as thrall
 Of kindly Cinara. Cease to sway,
 O sweet Loves' cruel mother, one,
 Who, with his fiftieth year anigh,

Bends not to thy mild rule; begone
 Whither young gallants' coaxing cry
 Recalls thee. Timelier wilt thou
 Revel with glistening swans to fire
 Young Paulus Maximus, I trow,
 If fitting heart be thy desire.
 For as high-born and fair to see,
 No silent champion at the Bar,
 Graced with a hundred graces, he
 Will bear thy standards wide and far:
 Who, when he shall have mocked, in pride
 Of power, a rival's bribery,
 In marble, Alban lakes beside,
 'Neath cedar roof will image thee.
 There shall abundant incense greet
 Thy nostrils; Berecynthian flute
 And lyre for thee shall blend their sweet
 Music, nor shall Pan-pipe be mute.
 Twice every day shall lads and gay
 Young lasses celebrate thy might,
 And shake the earth, in Salian way,
 With threefold beat of feet snow-white.
 Naught cheers me now—nor lass, nor lad,
 Nor wistful hope of love that shall
 Match mine, nor brows, with flowerets clad
 Fresh-blown, nor bouts convivial.
 But why, ah Ligurinus, why
 Steal down my cheeks rare tear-drops?
 Whence
 The breaks that silence shamefully
 My tongue, and halt its eloquence?

Fast now I hold thee in my dreams;
 In dreams now chase thee o'er the sward
 Of Mars' great Field, now thro' the stream's
 Swift flood—O cruel heart, and hard!

Od. IV. 4.

LIKE as the bird that bears on high
 Jove's bolts, by heaven's Lord, as its meed,
 Made king of birds, for loyalty
 Proved upon fair-haired Ganymede;
 Him youth and native grit of old
 Drove from the nest or e'er he knew
 Toil, and Spring winds, when clouds had rolled
 By, sent him forth on ventures new,
 Half fearful; soon, with rushing stoop
 To sheepfolds, he would strike his prey,
 On struggling snakes anon to swoop,
 Urged by the lust of feast and fray;
 Or, as a fawn that, having quit
 Its red dam's dugs for lavish grass,
 Sees lion-cub newly weaned—sees it
 To die by its young fangs, alas!—
 So saw the Vindelicians
 'Neath Alps of Raetia Drusus' war,
 When, conquered by a young man's plans,
 Troops, that had conquered long and far—
 Who arm with Amazonian
 Axe their right hands—have armed them so
 Always; whence came the use I can
 Not say; not all things may one know—

Felt what a mind, a temper, taught
 In fostering home to bear its part,
 Could do: how on the Neros wrought
 Augustus' care—his father's heart.
 Brave souls spring from the brave and true;
 Ever in steers, in colts, there is
 The mettle of their sires, nor do
 Fierce eagles breed soft doves, ywis.
 But teaching trains the force innate;
 Right culture firms the heart; whene'er
 Morals decay, faults vitiate
 What is by nature good and fair.
 What to the Neros Rome you owe
 Metaurus' flood attests for aye,
 And Hasdrubal, your vanquished foe,
 And Latium's fair and cloudless day,
 That first smiled with kind victory
 Since the dread African, Rome's bane,
 Like flame thro' pines, swept Italy,
 As Eurys sweeps Sicilian main.
 Thenceforth with labours prosperous
 Rome's youth grew strong, and temples
 wrecked
 By Punic onslaught impious,
 Beheld their Gods again erect.
 Quoth treacherous Hannibal at length—
 "As stags, the prey of fierce wolves, we
 Chase wantonly a foe whose strength
 'Tis triumph rare to foil and flee.
 The race, that from Troy's cinders bore
 Bravely across the Tuscan sea

Thro' storms to the Ausonian shore
 Its Gods, babes, manhood's chivalry—
 As, lopped by axe in dark-leaved wood
 Of shady Algidus, holm-oak—
 Thro' scathes, thro' wounds, draws hardihood
 And courage from the iron's stroke.
 Not stronger grew 'gainst Hercules
 The Hydra maimed, as hard bestead
 He chafed; not greater prodigies
 Echion's Thebes and Colchis bred.
 Plunged in the depths, it rises more
 Resplendent; grapple it, it will bring
 Down proudly unscathed conqueror,
 And wage wars for its wives to sing.
 No haughty messengers shall I
 Now send to Carthage; fallen is all
 Our hope: fallen our fortune, aye,
 Our name—dead with dead Hasdrubal.
 Naught shall the Claudian hands not do,
 By Jove's kind favour evermore
 Protected: by shrewd counsels too
 Brought safely thro' the risks of war."

Od. IV. 5.

BY grace of kind Gods born, best champion
 Of Romulus' race, too long you stay from home;
 Upon your promise to return anon
 Our sacred Council rests; keep it, and come.
 Give to your country back, dear Chief, your light,
 For, when upon our folk your face has shone,

Like Spring, the very sunshine seems more bright,
 Aye, and more pleasantly the days pass on.
 Even as a mother, when her boy, delayed
 By South Wind's jealous breath, beyond the sea
 Carpathian lingers, from his dear home stayed
 More than a year, recalls him ceaselessly
 By vows, by prayers, by divinations, nor,
 A-watch for him, from winding coast-line turns
 Her eyes, so with heart-longings evermore
 His country for her absent Caesar yearns.
 In safety roam our oxen over leas,
 By Ceres and by kind Prosperity
 Fattened; our sailors fly o'er peaceful seas;
 Faith shrinks from blame as from an infamy;
 Adulteries never smirch homes' fair renown;
 Custom and Law have chased the impiety;
 Children like husbands are our matrons' crown;
 Hard on offence presses the penalty.
 Who would fear Persians, or chill Scythia's hordes,
 Or shaggy Germany's war-loving breeds:
 Who would reck aught of fierce Hiberia's swords,
 While Caesar's life is safe: while Caesar leads?
 Each on his own hills sees the sunlight fail;
 To "marriageable elm" he weds his vine;
 This done, his wine recalls him, soon to hail
 You at his second course as all divine.
 With wine from goblets poured, with many a prayer,
 He honours you, and to his deities
 He adds your Lar, as Greece, mindful of their
 Exploits, hails Castor and great Hercules.

Long may you give, good Chief, such festival
 Days to Hesperia—thus, while yet the day
 Is whole, and we athirst: thus, when we all
 Have well drunk, and the sun has set, we pray.

Od. IV. 6.

GOD, by whose will the vaunting word
 Of Niobe was her children's knell:
 Whom Tityos knew, and Phthia's lord,
 Before whose might Troy all but fell,
 A peerless warrior, but for thee
 No match, tho', as the Sea-Queen's son,
 Fighting with spear tremendous, he
 Shook the tall towers of Ilion.
 He, as a pine by keen axe thrown,
 Or cypress felled by East Wind's gust,
 Fell great and greatly, and laid down
 His haughty neck in Trojan dust.
 Not he, in horse, feigned offering
 To Pallas' honour, would betray
 Trojans untimely revelling,
 And Priam's hall with dancers gay,
 But, stern to foes ta'en openly,
 He'd burn with Greek fires—ah, the sin
 Of it!—small boys, yet infants, aye,
 And babes their mothers' wombs within;
 Had not, by kindly Venus' prayers
 And thine impelled, the Sire most High
 Granted Aeneas and his heirs
 Walls traced with happier augury.

Of sweet Thalia's psaltery
 Master, who lav'st thy flowing hair
 In Xanthus, beardless Way-God, be
 The Daunian Muse's pride thy care.
 My genius is of Phoebus' dower,
 Aye, and my art; he gives to me
 My poet's name. O virgins' flower,
 And boys of noble ancestry,
 Wards of the Delian Goddess, who
 Stays flying stags and lynxes fleet,
 Be to the Lesbian measures true,
 And mark my thumb's controlling beat,
 Duly exalting Leto's son,
 Duly the Night-Queen's crescent light,
 Who brings full crops, and hurries on
 The months' career—their onward flight.
 "Trained to the modes"—anon you'll say
 As bride—"of Horace, poet-seer,
 On our centennial holiday
 I sang a song Gods loved to hear".

Od. IV. 8.

GLADLY I'd give my boon companions,
 To suit their tastes, goblets and bronzes rare,
 And tripods, prizes of Greek champions,
 Nor, Censorinus, would you get least share,
 That is, if with such gems my house were filled,
 Such as Parrhasius or Scopas wrought,
 The one in stone, with paints the other, skilled
 To image God or man, as genius taught.

But I have no such store, nor have such things
 Aught that your fortunes lack, or tempers crave;
 In song is your delight; as offerings
 Songs we can give, and tell what worth they
 have.

Not marbles graven with records of proud feats,
 Whereby return their breath to warriors dead
 And life: not Hannibal's hurried retreats,
 No, nor his threats' recoil on his own head,
 More gloriously manifest his praise
 Who won from conquered Africa a name,
 Than the Calabrian Muses; nor, if lays
 Were silent, would you get your meed of fame.
 What would the son of Mars and Ilia be,
 If jealous silence buried Romulus,
 And his deserts? Not his integrity
 Alone from Stygian waves snatched Aeacus,
 And raised him in blest isles to deity,
 Nay, but great poets' voices too and grace.
 Who praise deserves, the Muse forbids to die.
 With heaven she blesses. Thus she makes a
 place
 For Hercules where high Jove feasts the blest;
 Thus the Tyndaridae, bright luminaries,
 Snatch from profoundest depths ships storm-distrest;
 Thus Liber satisfies his votaries.

Od. IV. 9.

LEST you should fancy that the songs which I,
 By Aufidus' far-sounding waters sprung,
 With modes of art till then unknown, have sung—

Songs to be married to the lyre—will die,
 Think that, if to Maeonian Homer pride
 Of place belongs, yet Pindar's song remains;
 The Cean Muse, Alcaeus' warlike strains,
 Stesichorus' stately epics, still abide.
 Time has not rased Anacreon's minstrelsy,
 His merry songs; still breathes the love, still
 burn
 The fires, entrusted to her sad cithern
 By the Aeolian maid in years gone by.
 Not Spartan Helen only has admired
 A gay gallant's tressed locks, his broidery
 Of gold, his princely pomp, his company,
 And with the vision has been passion-fired.
 Not first did Teucer from Cydonian bow
 Shoot shafts; not only once has Ilion
 Been sacked; not huge Idomeneus alone,
 Or Sthenelus, waged warfare long ago
 Worthy the Muses' song; not first did haught
 Hector and keen Deiphobus await,
 And meet, fierce blows in combats passionate
 For innocent wives and tender children fought.
 Before the age of Agamemnon wight
 Lived many a hero, but unwept, unknown,
 Because no sacred bard hymned their renown,
 They, one and all, lie whelmed in endless night.
 'Twixt valour hid and buried cowardice
 Small is the difference; never will I,
 In what I write, pass you unhonoured by,
 In silence, Lollius, nor in any wyse
 Suffer green-eyed oblivion to wear

Your many deeds away, unchecked by song.
 Yours is the statesman's soul, upright and
 strong,

Or in misfortune, or in fortune fair:
 Of greedy guile avenger stern, unmoved
 By all-seducing gold's attraction,
 A consul it, not of one year alone,
 But ever when, as judge true and approved,
 It has set Right before expediency:
 Has scorned offenders' bribes with proud
 disdain:
 Has thro' opposing ranks cloven amain
 Its way, its stedfast march, to victory.
 Not rightly will you speak of him as blest
 Whose wealth is many things; more truly he
 Can claim the title, "Blest", who, skilled to see
 What wisdom bids, uses at wisdom's hest
 The gifts of heaven: can bear hard poverty:
 Who dreads far worse than death dishonour's
 brand;
 No coward he, who for his motherland
 And comrades dear would never fear to die.

Od. IV. 10.

HARD-HEARTED yet, and strong with strength
 of Venus' gifts of grace,
 When grows to your despair thick down upon your
 proud young face,
 And when the hair is cut that now about your shoul-
 ders flows,

And when the hue that now transcends the scarlet
 of the rose,
 Changed, Ligurinus, shall have made your face a
 shaggy mask,
 Then, as the glass reflects the change, you'll cry,
 "Ah me.", and ask,
 "Why had I not the mind that now is mine in young-
 sterhood:
 Or why return not my fresh cheeks to match my
 present mood?"

Od. IV. 13.

LYCE, the Gods have heard my prayer;
 They've heard it, Lyce; you grow old,
 And yet you wish to pose as fair,
 And drink and wanton brazen-bold.
 Drunken, you woo with quavering tongue
 Unwilling Cupid; ah, but he
 Keeps watch on the fair cheeks of young
 Chia, queen of the psaltery.
 Past withered oaks he wings his flight
 Ruthless, and you, yes you, he flies
 Because tan teeth, hair snowy-white,
 And wrinkles, smirch you in his eyes.
 Nor Coan silks, nor jewelry,
 Bring back the years of youth and prime—
 Years stored in public history,
 And sealed therein by winged Time.
 Your beauty, radiance, grace—what death
 Has chased them? What is there to see

Of what you were—of her whose breath
 Breathed love: who stole my heart from me:
 A presence after Cinara's blest,
 Winsome, renowned—where is it? Where?
 But fate gave Cinara at the best
 Few years; having intent to spare
 Lyce to rival an old crow,
 That ardent swains, coming to view
 Your beauty's torch, might see it now
 Fallen to ash, and laugh at you.

Od. IV. 14.

WHAT zeal of Senate or of people may
 With fitting meed of honours eternize,
 Augustus, your all-worthiness for aye,
 By graven inscriptions and State-histories,
 Prince of all princes mightiest, wheresoe'er
 The sun illumines earth's peoples with his light,
 Whom the Vindelici, untaught to bear
 Rome's yoke have lately learnt to know—your
 might
 In war, for Drusus, with your soldiery,
 With more than mere requital, overthrew
 Fiercely the turbulent Genauni, aye,
 And swiftly marching Brenni—strongholds too
 Perched on the awful Alps. This warfare won,
 The elder Nero clashed in furious fight
 With the gigantic Raeti, and anon
 Put them, with happy auspices, to flight.
 A gallant sight he was, as gallantly

With mighty shocks his battle smote amain
 Hearts freely dedicate to liberty
 Or death—well nigh as Auster sweeps the main
 Tameless, what time the Pleiads' choir on high
 Disparts the clouds—eager to thrust his way
 Thro' enemy ranks, and ride his fiery
 Steed thro' the heat and fury of the fray.
 As bull-like Aufidus, whose waters pass
 Apulian Daunus' realm, rolls in his pride,
 What time he fumes, and, fuming, plots, alas!
 A flood whose waves shall waste the countryside,
 So Claudius overwhelmed with rush far-spied
 The mailed barbarians' hosts, as, mowing down
 Front ranks and rear, he strewed the battle-stead
 With slain, and won, unscathed, the victor's
 crown.
 You gave the troops, you gave the plan, yours were
 The favouring auspices, for on the day
 That Alexandria humbly opened her
 Harbours and empty palace, as your prey,
 On this same day, three lustres passed, Good Speed,
 Which gave unbroken victory to your hands,
 Has added this renown, and longed-for meed
 Of glory, to your earlier commands.
 You the Cantabrian, whom none could tame
 Before: you Parthian, Indian, Scythian
 Nomad, revere—you, of the Italian name,
 And sovereign Rome, abiding Guardian.
 The Nile and Hister, streams that hide their springs:
 Tigris' fast-flowing flood: your beck abide;
 Aye, and the monster-teeming Main that flings

On far Britannia's shore its breakers' pride.
 You claim the allegiance of the Gallic land,
 That fears not death, of rough Hiberia too;
 The blood-thirsty Sygambri, to your hand
 Brought, lay aside their arms, and reverence you.

Od. IV. 15.

PHOEBUS with lyre forbade me, fain
 To tell of captured fort and fray,
 To sail upon the Tuscan main
 My little bark. Caesar, your sway
 Has brought back plenty to our land:
 Has given, from Parthian doors reta'en,
 Our standards to our Jove; your hand
 Has closed Quirinal Janus' fane
 In peace: has curbed the wild abuse
 Of lawless license: has removed
 Faults, and recalled to us the use
 Of virtues that our fathers loved,
 Whence grew to strength the Latin name—
 The imperial majesty, that won
 For Italy a world-wide fame,
 From setting unto rising sun.
 While Caesar rules nor civic raves,
 Nor force, shall banish our repose,
 No, nor the rage that forges glaives,
 And brings unhappy towns to blows.
 The Julian law none shall defy—
 Not they who drink the Danube's flood,

Not Getae, Seres, slippery
 Persians, not Tanais' savage brood.
 And we on common days and high,
 'Mid rites to merry Liber paid,
 With children and with matrons by,
 After devotions duly made,
 Will sing, as forbears wont to do,
 Leaders who lived brave lives and fair,
 To Lydian flute—Anchises too,
 And Troy, and kindly Venus' heir.

The Secular Hymn.

PHOEBUS and Dian, woodland Queen,
 Glory of heaven's resplendent sheen,
 Worshipped and worshipful for aye,
 Grant us the boons we seek to-day:
 On which the Sibyl's runes require
 That boys and girls, a holy choir,
 Shall sing unto the Gods who care
 For our seven hills a hymn of prayer.
 Kind Sun, whose chariot on its way
 Opens and closes every day:
 Who risest different yet the same,
 May'st never view what shrinks Rome's fame!
 Who openest ripe wombs of thy right
 Full gently, Ilithyia hight,
 Or, if thou wilt, Lucina, bless
 Our mothers, as birth's Patroness.
 Goddess, bring up our youth, and speed

That which the Fathers have decreed
 Wedlock anent—the law whereby
 Marriage creates the family,
 That each fixed cycle, covering
 Ten times eleven years, may bring
 Anthems and games, thronged in daylight
 Three times, and three times in the night.
 Ye Fates, whose prophecies are sure,
 As promised—may the pledge endure
 By grace of our great Land-Mark's stay!—
 Add new to old good speed, we pray.
 With crops and herds rich, may our land
 Bid Ceres crowned with wheat-ears stand;
 May Jove with many a favouring breeze,
 And kindly rains, bless our increase.
 Gentle and kind, with bow laid by,
 Apollo, hear our striplings' cry;
 Queen of the stars, with crescent brows,
 O Luna, hear our maidens' vows.
 If Rome is yours, and Ilion bore
 The folk who won the Etruscan shore—
 A remnant, called to Lares new
 And homes, and safely brought thereto—
 For whom, unscathed when Ilion flamed,
 Outliving Troy, Aeneas, named
 The Good, to give them more than they
 Had lost, carved out an open way.
 To docile youth grant honesty,
 Ye Gods, to eld tranquillity;
 Give to the Romuleian race
 Offspring, and means, and every grace.

What Venus' and Anchises' heir
 Asks, with white steers to plead his prayer,
 That give him: let him crush each foe
 In arms, but spare a foe laid low.
 By sea and land before his power,
 And Alban axes, Parthians cower;
 Now Indians, Scyths, once insolent,
 Wait upon his arbitrament.
 Now Faith and Peace and Chivalry
 Return with pristine Modesty;
 Virtue ignored dares re-appear,
 And Plenty with full horn is here.
 Surely as Phoebus, archer-seer.
 Adorned with radiant bow, and dear
 To the nine Muses—he whose skill
 Healthgiving heals limbs tired and ill—
 Sees Palatine heights with kind face,
 He lengthens out a lustre's space,
 And on to aeons of success,
 Rome's weal and Latium's happiness,
 Diana too, whom Aventine
 Hill and Mount Algidus enshrine,
 Heeds our Fifteen Priests' prayers, and hears
 Our children's vows with gracious ears.
 That Jove and all the Gods assent
 We bear back home hope confident,
 And sure—the chorus trained to praise
 Phoebus and Dian with glad lays.

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Horatius

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